

feathers and the skins of animals, milliners' stuffs, and trappings but an hour out of arsenical wrappers—from all the worshipers, mute, hot, heavy, rustling, this complex and determined tribute for which they had busied themselves for days, rose to God; in templed phalanx, with their hats correct, the women hurled themselves before the Almighty.

Above, in his preaching box, the bald man, overcome by this offering, music, flowers, odors, color, warmth, this inordinate sensuousness, thrust now and then a finger between his collar and the flesh of his neck and went on talking, as he was expected to do, saying the things he was expected to say, while they listened in the proper attitudes, and thought gently after the manner of the best people, the women now and then giving an approving nod of their heads heaped high by dead birds' wings, by the hair haggled and bargained from their meager sisters of Europe, and false flowers fashioned by weary baby fingers in the reek of the cities—all of which, offered virtuously by the best people everywhere, is, therefore, considered proper before the Lord, and is so received by His minister.

But at last, in a pause of his droning, there came a snore. At first it was not recognized, and then a higher note caused silks to rustle, a hat or two creaked in their wires under the dead birds' plumage. The preacher hesitated; when it came again, he stirred. Women's heads, under the dried and disintegrated skins of the birds, turned. In the little pen